THE PACIFIC

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Pac. Theo. Sem. Reading Room

THE DRAGONS.

Prince Yortigern—so run the ancient tales—
A stronghold sought to build in wildest Wales,
But same fell power frustrated each essay,
And nightly wrecked the labors of the day;
Till Merlin came, and bade the builders all,
Beneath the escarp'd and many-bastioned wall,
Dig deep; and lo, two dragons, o'er whose lair
Nothing secure might rise, lay sleeping there.

Search the foundations, you that build a State;
For if the dragon forms of Wrath and Hate
Lie coiled below, and darkly bide their hour,
Fear walks the rampart, Fear ascends the tower;
And let it not content you that they sleep:
Drive them with strong enchantments to the deep.
First of such charms is Perfect Justice; then
Comes the heart's word that conquers beasts and men.
No other craft shall serve—no spells but these
Drive the old dragons to the whelming seas.

—William Watson.

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THE PACIFIC

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WHAT OF THE WAR?

It is gratifying to see in British papers from time to time, and in articles written by eminent Englishmen and published in this country, the expression of that spirit to which we believe the controlling elements in the British Empire must be brought if any lasting good is to come out of the awful conflict in which the great nations of Europe are now engaged.

In a recent sermon, the Rev. Dr. J. D. Jones, one of the Free Church leaders, remarked: "I have been wondering whether a moral reformation is not our most urgent need, and whether it is not the business of the Christian minister, as a man who is supposed to have some understanding of the times, to cry to the people of England as Isaiah cried to the people of Judah: 'Wash you; make you clean; cease to do evil; learn to do well."

And Dr. Jones declared that the war was much more than a struggle between nations; that it represents a great conflict of ideals.

While Dr. Jones was constrained to throw in here an expression of belief that the English people were fighting for spiritualistic ideas against a materialistic, pagan view of the world, he proceeded immediately to remark that there was a question which was greatly troubling him. It was this:

"Are we English people the kind of people God can use to carry his cause to triumph? Can we be a sword in the hand of a holy God? Can a great moral fight be won by men who are not moralized themselves? Abraham Lincoln —faced one day, while the Civil War was at its height, with the question, 'Are you sure that God is on your side?'— gave some such reply as this: 'My one trouble is to make sure that I am on God's side.' That is the one thing that really does concern us. It takes the two things—God on our side and we on God's side—to carry a cause to triumph.

"Like the great President, I am not troubling about God. The God of all the earth will do right. What I am troubling about is ourselves. Are we English folk on God's side? I am not half so much perturbed by what is happening in Germany as by what is happening here at home; or so frightened by the evidences of Germany's strength as by the evidences which I see of England's moral weakness."

But the most gratifying article from a British source which has come to our notice of late is the one in the April number of the Atlantic Monthly, by that English publicist, G. Lowes Dickinson, entitled "The War and the Way Out." Mr. Dickinson begins by protesting against the view, "industrially disseminated by the English and no doubt by the French and Russian press, that the only cause of the war was the wickedness of Germany."

Mr. Dickinson has in the course of his article this very plain declaration: "We accuse Germany of making an unprovoked attack upon France and Russia, and we are indignant. But we forget that, if Germany so acted, she was acting in accordance with the principles and practice dominant throughout Europe for centuries past. Our English national hero, Lord Roberts, warned us that she would act just so. But he added that she would be quite right, and that we ought to do the same. When the Germans began to build their fleet there were plenty of Englishmen who urged us to pick a quarrel with her at once and destroy her before she grew too strong. There is nothing peculiarly monstrous or unique about the conduct we impute to Germany. It is the conduct fostered by the European system which England too supports. That system is one of armed status, always expecting to be attacked, and therefore always ready to anticipate attack. We are engaged merely in one act of a long and tragic drama."

Going back to 1870, and summarizing conditions down to 1914, Mr. Dickinson says: "The materials for the explosion were there. It was merely a question who should drop the first match. * * * This year we believe it was Germany. But if it had not been Germany this year, it might have been Russia next. And some other year it might have been France or England. The war came out of the European system—the system of states armed against one another, and dominated by mutual suspicion and fear. Whilst that system continues war will continue. If we want to stop war we must alter that." When Mr. Dickinson turns to consider the way out, he declares emphatically that no good will come from the policy so freely advocated in England—the crushing of Germany.

A cablegram from Norwich, England, on April the 5th, where the English Labor Party was holding its annual meeting, states that resolutions were adopted declaring that it was the duty of the labor movement to obtain peace at the earliest possible moment. In the text of the resolutions were these significant words: "That the conflict between nations of Europe with which this country is involved is a result of the pursuit by foreign officers of diplomatic politics with the idea of maintaining the balance of power; that our national policy of understanding with France and Russia only was bound to increase the power of Russia both in Europe and in Asia and to endanger our good relations with Germany; that Foreign Secretary Grey is proved, by the facts he gave in the House of Commons committee, to have given definite assurance of support to France in the event of any war in which she was seriously involved before the House of Commons had a chance to consider the matter; that the labor movement reiterates the fact that it had opposed the policies which produced this war and that its duty now is to secure peace at the earliest possible moment on such conditions as provide the best opportunities for the re-establishment of amicable relations between the workers of Europe."

To what extent the spirit embodied in these various utterances prevail in England, we do not know.

An English friend in this country, who is in close touch with the movement of thought in his native land, told us last week that certain eminent clergymen, Dr. John Clifford among them, were growing constantly more bitter in their feelings toward Germany and more virulent and vindictive in their utterances. If this be a fact, and if this is a repre-

sentative attitude on the part of men of the Church and the state, we have no hope for Europe except through a war to be continued a long time yet, and in which the losses will appall the world.

If the people of the great British Empire were to come to a recognition of what we regard as a fact that they as well as the Germans are responsible for this war, and by the application of such love as was taught by the Man of Nazareth were to seek its cessation lasting peace would soon dawn on Europe.

But we fear that only through the shedding of rivers more of blood will the warring nations be brought to conditions in which peace will have any very serious consideration.

And when we reflect only on the slowness with which the British people move toward the crushing of that internal enemy, the liquor traffic, now admitted to be more deadly in effect than Germany and every other enemy beyond their borders, we wonder whether God desires that the war should end—whether it can end. It is as Dr. Jones said in the sermon from which we have quoted: "There is nothing magical about the conferment of God's favors. His rule is not accidental or capricious. The blessing of God is conditioned upon moral obedience. It must be so if this is a moral universe at all. If his favor were bestowed irrespective of moral qualifications, the universe would be a moral chaos and nothing more."

It is significant that what was called one of the most striking deliverances at the recent meeting of the National Free Church Council at Manchester, England, attended by 1300 delegates, was an address by the Rev. Thomas Phillips, who took up the whole question of unrighteous, unethical, living. A London paper summarized his thought as follows:

"England was satisfied that this war was inevitable, but no Christian was happy about it. We had allowed militarism to grow in England to such an extent that it was well-nigh impossible for a follower of Jesus Christ to be true to his Lord. Strong men made their way regardless of the weak. Strong churches must march ahead, no matter what happened to the weaker churches struggling in the neighborhood. London firms invaded the country districts, and without the least compunction undersold and crushed the struggling tradesmen of the countryside. The result was division in industry, in the nation, and in the churches."

God means to show mankind that in love is the only road to life. "I am come that ye might have life," said Christ. Let the world get love, and it will get life. Humanity is moving that way, but it is a long distance yet from love as it was exemplified in Christ.

A SIMPLIFIED RELIGION WANTED.

A writer in The Spectator, of London, calls attention to some recent contentions of Churchmen, and without expressing any opinion on the points in dispute proceeds to say:

"Has not the time come when the thousands who are weary of these unending squabbles should unite in securing a simplified religion in which the unessentials should be ignored and a return be made to the fundamentals of the Sermon on the Mount and the beautiful system of Brotherhood in Christ? That there is ground for such a simplified religion has been proved by the Y. M. C. A. tents and rooms where thousands of our soldiers of all denominations have joined in simple services and have discovered their Brotherhood in Christ. When the war is over these men will have learnt lessons of toleration which they will never forget; and what are the churches going to offer them? Squabbles over details of creeds will be a poor substitute for the simple, catholic services they have enjoyed in the Y. M. C. A. tents and rooms. I am a Churchman, but I believe the extreme parties have ruined the Church's life, and I look for a movement which will make men forget their differences and join in a simple form of service that would bring us again into direct touch with God."

The man who writes this does not sign his name, saying: "My name would carry no weight. I write merely as one of the thousands waiting for realities in place of formulae." So he signs himself "Expectans."

BUDDHISM IN AMERICA.

No parliament of Religions has been planned in connection with the Panama-Pacific Exposition, but the Buddhists at least are making a considerable display of their religious activities. The booth in the Palace of Education which has been taken by the Buddhists of America gives no pictures or statistics from its home countries of India and China (where, by the way, Buddhism has been under the ban of the government for centuries), but reports in some detail the number of adherents, organizations, etc., in the United States. No effort is made to call attention to the fact that only an infinitesimal number of the Buddhists in the United States are Americans. In fact some of the pictures displayed would lead one to suppose that there were a considerable number of Americans affiliated with the Buddhist organizations. As a matter of fact the work is almost exclusively among the Japanese, who are Buddhists by inheritance and tradition.

The statistics given by the Buddhists claim 80,000 adherents in the United States and 30,000 in California. There are said to be in this State seventy-four Buddhist churches, seventeen priests, and fifteen church schools. The Buddhists have accepted Western ways of carrying on religious work, and have three night schools, two hospitals, eleven Sunday schools, twelve organizations of the Young Women's Buddhist Association. Fifty school teachers are reported in their work, with 850 pupils, and property used for educational work valued at $10,000. Six kindergartens are reported and six periodical publications. Total church property in the United States is claimed to be worth $250,000, and they boast of two high priests and bishops.

It is a little difficult sometimes to distinguish between the work of a national Japanese church properly interested in the welfare of the Japanese in America and the propaganda of an alien faith hoping to win over a handful of Americans. Probably few of the Japanese adherents of the Buddhist churches in America have any special sympathy or interest in this latter phase.—George W. Hinman.

A SELF-RESPECTING CHINESE COMMUNITY.

Professional exploiters of Chinatown in San Francisco have made much capital in the past of the underground rooms and passages where gambling and opium smoking were carried on in the old days. Much of this display of the bad side of Chinatown was specially arranged for the purpose. The prurient curiosity of tourists demanded it and it was supplied. As a matter of course such conditions could not have existed if they had been genuine, in the face of a constant and stimulated publicity. Whatever

there was of such conditions has been largely changed since the fire in San Francisco made necessary a reconstruction of the Chinese quarter. It is also certain that gambling houses and opium dens in Chinatown are almost entirely a thing of the past, through the efforts of the police and the state and federal officers. With the aid of the Red Light Abatement Act it ought now to be possible to clean up Chinatown and make it a decent place for the Chinese to rear their families. The city has just completed a splendid new public school building for the Chinese, equal in character and equpment to the average school building anywhere in the city. The old days when Chinatown was inhabited almost exclusively by adult males have passed away, and family life with all of its civilizing influences is a common thing. If we can make Chinatown a decent place for people to live, we may properly expect that the Chinese will welcome and adopt the standards of American Christian civilization.

A recent attempt to revive the curiosity about the "underground life" of the Chinese in San Francisco has just come to well-deserved failure. A concessionaire on the Joy Zone of the Panama-Pacific Exposition thought it still possible to impose a caricature of Chinese life upon Eastern tourists. He had prepared a show which was an insult to all self-respecting Chinese and was particularly obnoxious to those who have come into the various churches. One feature of the underground life exhibited was a group of Chinese who, when caught gambling, seized their hymn-books and pretended to carry on a religious service. A strong protest against this exhibition was made by the Chinese Six Companies and the superintendents and pastors of the various Christian missions, and President Moore of the Exposition ordered the place closed up. The time has passed to think of Chinese in America as highbinders, gamblers, opium smokers and stealers of women. One of the best forms of missionary work for the Chinese is simply to give them a square deal in your own thought.

GEO. W. HINMAN.

THE WILD LILIES OF CALIFORNIA.

"You will find lilies sprinkled all over California. The Shasta lily, white and fragrant under the pines and tall as a man, is the lily of the north," Edwin Markham tells us in his book on "California The Wonderful." "The leopard lily lifts its gorgeous yellow blossoms in shady canons; while the Humboldt lily, orange red with spots of purple, bestows its beauty on the open fields. The wild hyacinth ('wild onion') also loves the open skies and the watered valleys."

"The mariposa lily is more wonderful in its beauty, floating in the air like a gorgeous butterfly. Many of our fields are tinted with the delicate globes of this airy blossom, tethered to the earth by only the frailest stem. Though changing purple and white and gold the colors run, the leaves of the corolla pranked and pricked with elfin signs and omens. Let Ina Coolbrith put into verse the mood and meaning of the flower:

" 'Insect or blossom?' fragile, fairy thing,
Poised upon slender tip and quivering
To flight! a flower of the fields of air;
A jeweled moth, a butterfly, with rare
And tender tints upon his downy wing,
A moment resting in our happy sight;
A flower held captive by a thread so light
Its petaled wings of broidered gossamer
Are, light as the wind, with every wind astir—
Wafting sweet odor, faint and exquisite.
O dainty nursling of the field and sky,
What fairer thing looks up to heaven's blue
And drinks the noontide sun, the dawning's dew?
Thou winged bloom, thou blossom butterfly.' "

THE WOMAN'S CONGRESS OF MISSIONS OF THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION.

Among the six hundred congresses to be held in connection with the Panama-Pacific Exposition none will be more significant, enlightening and far-reaching in its results than the Woman's Congress of Missions to be held early in June, from the 6th to the 13th, inclusive.

Two exalted, seemingly-impossible dreams have become realities in these late days by the shores of the Pacific ocean. One has resulted in the physical union of the East and West by the removal of the barrier which prevented the mingling of the waters from opposite oceans. The other has revealed itself in a marvel of beauty of triumphal arch and inspiring tower, in sculptured form and glowing pigment to commemorate the meeting of the once divided seas, and to proclaim the truth that all the nations of the earth, like the separated seas, are but one, and that all mankind shall some day meet and mingle as brothers.

A third dream, as yet unrealized, glows in the hearts of Christian women from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It will be fulfilled when in June thousands of women of all denominations from all parts of the world gather in San Francisco to attend the Woman's Congress of Missions. The purpose of the Congress as outlined in a leaflet prepared by a committee, is to present the world-wide scope achievements and needs of Christian Missions, especially in relation to women; to demonstrate the vital and dominant part which the church has played in moulding individual and national life in America and in all lands; to make clear the claim of the missionary enterprise to supreme place in Christian life and purpose; to arouse and intensify this conviction in the hearts of many hitherto unreached or but slightly touched by its message; to train leaders for enlarged and enriched service both at home and abroad; by conference and co-operation to increase the efficiency of the agencies already in use by women's missionary organizations and to devise the new and better methods which the present unprecedented opportunities demand.

The result of the Congress will be a new conception of the dignity, scope and purpose of woman's work for Missions throughout the entire Pacific Coast. The women's missionary organizations will be greatly enriched and strengthened in spiritual power and practical effort; they will be left with an experience in united prayer, purpose and activity, and a wealth of achievement that will multiply many times their individual and concerted efficiency.

The program, consisting of three sessions daily, will be a constructive presentation of world-wide Missions, through Study Classes, Institutes of Methods, Conferences dealing with the work of women, young women and children; prayer services; inspirational addresses; exhibits, pageants and social gatherings. It will seek to demonstrate the distinctive share that women must have in meeting the unprecedented needs arising from the changes taking place among women in all parts of the world, and will challenge the interest of all women concerned with any form of social betterment, bringing an intimate knowledge of problems

and remedies both at home and abroad from the standpoint of the scholar and the expert. The Congress will be under the auspices of the two national, interdenominational organizations, the Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions and the Council of Women for Home Missions, by whom the program will be prepared and presented. It is planned to hold the morning and afternoon sessions in the commodious First Congregational Church, located in the heart of the city, in the midst of the hotels, stores and refreshment rooms, so that the greatest possibilities will be afforded to make attendance convenient and comfortable with the least expenditure of time and strength.

The pageants which promise to be a most attractive feature will be presented in the great auditorium of the Civic Center.

Each denomination has chosen a denominational secretary who will furnish any information which may be requested of her, and assist in every possible way to bring each local church into touch with the Congress that it may be benefited most largely. The Congregational Secretary is Mrs. Wm. H. Scudder, 2229 Carleton St., Berkeley.

The expense of the Congress must be met by special gifts, which it is hoped will be many and generous, by the supporting members, who become such by the payment of a dollar; and by the help of the national organizations and participating Boards. Each contributor becomes in a real sense a hostess in receiving and entertaining what is hoped will be the largest gathering of earnest women devoted to the widest world-interest which the Exposition will have as visitors.

The success of the Congress depends greatly upon your prayers, your gifts and your attendance.

CONGREGATIONAL STATISTICS.

General Summaries.

Comparisons.

Comparisons between the figures reported and printed for the year 1913 and figures for the year 1914 in the Congregational Year Books of these years.

Churches.

Number of churches January 1, 1914.....		6,096
Churches added during 1914 90		
Churches dropped during 1914 93		
Net loss		3
Number of churches January 1, 1915		6,093
Number of churches A. B. C. F. M.		678
Grand total		6,771

Membership

Number of members January 1st, 1914 ..		750,193
Admitted during 1914	68,467	
Dismissed during 1914 55,478		
Net gain		12,989
Number of members January 1st, 1915..		763,182

Men and Women in Church Membership.

Men members January 1st, 1914.....260,836	
Men members January 1st, 1915 267,347	
Gain	6,511
Women members January 1st, 1914 489,357	
Women members January 1st, 1915 495,355	
Gain	6,478

Admitted on confession of faith.

Admitted during 1913 34,294	
Admitted during 1914 40,787	
Gain	6,493

Sunday Schools.

Number of members January 1, 1914 701,466	
Number of members January 1, 1915 757,373	
Gain	56,413

Branch and Independent Schools.

Membership not reported last year	42,397
Net gain	14,016

Men's Organizations.

Number of organizations January 1, 1914	1,434
Number of organizations January 1, 1915	1,527
Gain	93
Number of members January 1, 1914 80,482	
Number of members January 1, 1915 85,811	
Gain	5,329

Young People's Societies.

Number of organizations January 1, 1914	3,012
Number of organizations January 1, 1915	3,120
Gain	108
Number of members January 1, 1914 123,912	
Number of members January 1, 1915 133,474	
Gain	9,562

Benevolent Offerings.

Total amount for 1913 .....$2,379,042	
Total amount for 1914 2,272,040	
	$ 107,002

Congregational Benevolence.

Amount contributed under Apportionment Plan during 1913 .....$1,245,998	
Amount contributed under Apportionment Plan during 1914 1,237,347	
Loss .....$	8,651

Home Expenditures.

Amount of home expenses for 1913 .....$10,174,335	
Amount of home expenses for 1914 10,716,311	
Gain .....$	541,976

GOOD IMPERSONAL.

Nobody (or at least, nobody good for anything) will lay a claim to merit for this or that good action which he may have done. Exactly in proportion as man is really good, will be the eagerness with which he will refuse all credit for it.—Froude.

"A man dat is smart enough to take good advice when he hears it," said Uncle Eben, "is generally smart enough to make it up foh hisse'f."—Washington Star.

CONCERNING WILLIAM SUNDAY.

Deer Park, Wash., March 16, 1915.

Editor The Pacific: Your Editorial on "Billy Sunday" greatly interested me. I have been a participant in two full campaigns under the leadership of Mr. Sunday. I heard every sermon with the exception of one or two. Upon the platform my wife and a number of cultured ladies sat. And we were at a loss to know where and when many of the things it was reported that he had said took place. In fact, I have heard University graduates use slang perhaps less skillfully, but nevertheless as profusely as Mr. Sunday uses it. After being pastor of a few churches in the West with heterogeneous membership, I have come to the conclusion that many of us "broad-minded" Congregationalists, theologically are about as narrow and intolerant of the theories and opinions of others as they are of ours. To attribute a man's power to "hypnotism" reminds me of the expedients of certain people in the New Testament to explain the power of Jesus. They said that it was by Beelzebub that "he cast out demons". And you will remember that the Master made his few remarks concerning the unpardonable sin, in that connection. The lurid language, used by Mr. Sunday in connection with things which he believes to be evil, the reality of which he insists upon believing to be among us, realizing, as he does, the immeasurable depravity and harm of sin, hypocricy, and self complaisance, will seem, when your hear him, none too expressive of the facts. Do you not think it possible that spiritual deadness and indifference on the part of professed Christians, deserves and needs a dynamic treatment? How did Jesus speak of hypocrisy? How did he deal with hypocrites? Can you find more biting sarcasm than that contained in the parables of Jesus? How about his driving the money changers out of the temple? Are we to think that the ministry of today is above criticism? I find that the sins of ministers and of professing Christian laymen are a serious obstacle in the way of progress of the Kingdom. I can tell you of case after case here in Washington where men have nearly ruined churches and are still preaching elsewhere. I am thinking that a prophetic voice is needed. It will not hurt those who are true, and they are many, and those who are false to their trust deserve all they receive and more.

Now as to the spirit of Mr. Sunday; it is less bellicose than that of his critics and I have observed none of the strife and contention mentioned in the editorial. In Bellingham, we had several ministers who did not co-operate. They were treated with courtesy and consideration by the ministers, and by Mrs. Sunday. One, a Unitarian, was particularly bitter and public in his denunciation. But he received not so much as a reply. Never was there greater unity and co-operation than during the meetings and afterwards on the part of the pastors and congregations. By the way, a remark like that quoted from a prominent New England minister should not be put down to the discredit of Mr. Sunday in all fairness to the man. When shall we begin to learn that "they that be not against us are for us"? And shall we ever become free enough from our provincialism and adherence to certain types of culture, that we can appreciate the excellence and vigor in a style of different type? Can we demand that God conform Himself ever to ordinary methods and agencies? But rather at times can we not expect him to use the extraordinary? And when shall we learn, what has been repeatedly true in history, that shepherds, herdsmen, fishermen, shoemakers, as well as theologians and scholars have been mightely used by God? We are still prone to ask—"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

Cordially yours

C. H. Burdick.

THE EDITOR'S REPLY.

In the foregoing some questions have been put to the Editor of The Pacific which he is expected to answer

The Editor is glad to have this testimony to the spirit of Mr. Sunday. Nevertheless all that was given in the editorial referred to was on unquestionable first-hand authority. And our contention was not that Mr. Sunday always manifested this spirit, but that in some way he created the atmosphere in which it came into existence and was manifested by others in ways to them unusual.

As to the statement that the lurid language used by Mr. Sunday would seem none too expressive, to the Editor of The Pacific, if he were to hear him, there is very great doubt.

We are well aware that high commendation has been given Mr. Sunday by eminent men who attended his meetings in Philadelphia, and that he has won many converts there and elsewhere. But we cannot commend his utterance in one of the first meetings in Philadelphia, which, according to the New York Sun and the Homiletic Review, was as follows:

"Come on you defamers of God and enemies of his church! Come on you hell-necked, beetle-browed, hog-jowled, peanut-brained, weazel-eyed four-flusher, false-alarms and excess-baggage! In the name of Almighty God I challenge you. I've got a gospel gun that shoots straight. It's loaded with rough-on-rate, ipecac, rock salt, dynamite and barbed wire."

We cannot hold that up as a style of speech for our young men and young women to pattern after.

Neither can we commend the following as suitable in a prayer. And yet the Philadelphia Ledger, in an uncontradicted report, represented Mr. Sunday as saying in one of his prayers: "To hell with all hiding under the name of religion, who mock at the Bible and sneer at your Divinity. O Jesus I stagger back at your love and mercy. If I was God for about fifteen minutes, I guess I'd strike 'em dead Jesus."

A writer in the Boston Transcript says: "As he prayed my mind reverted to the scene in Samaria where the two disciples asked Jesus to call down fire from heaven to consume the village which would not receive him. But Jesus rebuked them saying: 'Ye know not what spirit ye are of. The Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives but to save them.' This, evidently, is not the Jesus whom Mr. Sunday preaches."

The New York Post described Mr. Sunday as follows at times when he was in what was apparently quite a frenzy of excitement:

"The strained voice rises and falls in stormy cadences. The arms move rhythmically. The head is thrown far back. The eyes are tight shut. On the deathly pale face there is no motion, except the wild writhing of the lips.

"The strain snaps. He leaps across the platform. Perhaps he picks up a chair and whirls it in a full circle, tossing it away from him, letting it roll to the edge of the plat-

form. He swirls his right arm.

"'Come on!' he roars. 'Come on! If you've got the nerve to take your stand for Jesus Christ, come on!'"

And again in prayer, he is reported as saying:

"Oh, Lord, I tell you they're a fine bunch! Oh, Lord, I know they've got the sand and the nerve and the grit to take their stand for you. Oh, Lord, they've got the punch here in Philadelphia."

Two Methodist laymen went from New York to Philadelphia to hear Mr. Sunday. One of them wrote in one of the New York daily papers: "An indescribable shock came to us when Billy in the midst of a prayer burst into a sardonic laugh, jumped up from his kneeling posture and said to the devil, Ha, ha, old man, you're up against it now. Come on, you ——! Here he assumed the attitude of a prizefighter and punched at an imaginary devil."

Again, he represented himself as using a telephone, and sent this over the line: "Hello, God, this is ——."

At one of his services, while excoriating Christian Science, Mr. Sunday treated his hearers to this:

"They tell us Mother Eddy is soon coming back to life. She won't come back. If she does I'll swallow a polecat and wash it down with a pint of whiskey."

We freely admit all the wonderful good that Mr. Sunday is reported as having accomplished. But we can no more indorse his methods and language than we can indorse the action of those generals who in our civil war are supposed to have saved the day for their armies by hurling out a torrent of oaths at the panic-stricken retreating soldiers.

It was all very expressive. It did the work. So do Mr. Sunday's dynamic expressions do the work—they startle, win attention, and start transformations. But, after all, how can we as a people consistently commend for that purpose what we cannot and do not commend for other purposes? Do we want to take such utterances into our homes and churches as good coin of the realm?

It will not meet the question to say that we do not take the Salvation Army ways into our churches, and yet we believe in the Salvation Army. For, taking up Billy Sunday as they are taking him up, the churches are giving him and all his slang and buffoonery and antiquated theology quite a different right-of-way than they have been giving the Salvation Army or any unlettered men whom God has honored as soul winners among people of similar attainments in life.

Now in conclusion let it be understood that the Editor of The Pacific has no desire to work up opposition to Mr. Sunday or to meetings held by him. The country is a big one. There will always be places desirous of his services, and he will go on winning converts in the future as in the past; and many of the converts will stick, too, as well as if they had been won in less startling ways.

It is said that after Mr. Sunday had in one of his meetings in Philadelphia indulged in words that were shocking to some of hearers he remarked that he had in reserve that which was much worse, but that he had learned that "it didn't go," and so refrained. It may be that a little more criticism will cause him to cut out some more of the objectionable, and yet remain as effective. And this we hold to be something greatly to be desired.

"That woman can't tell a thing without exaggerating." "Did you ever ask her her age?"—Houston Post.

LIFE'S BATTLE.

My heart is girded with a pure desire,
And clear is lit my purpose from within,
I have set out to burn with heaven-wrought fire
All barriers and fervently to win.

To win the laurels of a true success,
A righteous end unselfishly conceived,
A triumph 'gainst the coarser world's duress,
A glowing victory in thought achieved.

But I am challenged at the outer gate.
I strike my salient foe that I may pass;
And lo, the furies of the grim world's hate
Rise clamoring with hellish tongues of brass.

A baffled soldier I can only wait,
Yet learn I, while I wait, the lessons old:
There is a law beyond me—call it fate,
Which heeds no person, be he meek or bold.

But I must heed the master-call within,
Defying all the cruelty of chance,
The clarion calls to battle against sin,
And bids me never sheath the flaring lance.

Let me not be the moral derelict,
Retreating from the sight-line of the van.
Though destiny may with desire conflict,
Yet lives the tender, striving soul of man.

The winners sometimes are the ones who lose.
The wise man fawned on may become the fool.
I pledge my gain or loss to God to use,
Lest winning, stagnant grows the living pool.

I thank thee, Lord, for all my wounds that sting,
For all the tears and blood and din and strain.
'Tis not from joy that noble issues spring;
Love draws world-deeds out of the guts of pain.

—FANNY BIXBY.

SPRINGTIME CONFERENCE AT LOS GATOS.

During the week beginning April 11th there will be held at Los Gatos the fourth annual meeting of the Springtime Conference. This unique series of meetings has become a regular institution at the beautiful "Gem City" of the Santa Clara Valley and marks one of the most notable achievements of the notable interesting pastorate of the Rev. Robert Whitaker. Mr. Whitaker and his church have taken very advanced positions with regard to the non-emphasis of ritual and in respect to freedom from ecclesiastical control. The meetings this year promise a program of unusual power such as would be a credit to any community in the land.

Among the speakers are: Mrs. Mary Wright Sewall, Dr. Charles F. Aked, Dr. Raymond C. Brooks, J. Stitt Wilson, Albert W. Palmer, Rabbi Meyer, George Wharton James, David Starr Jordan.

EVIL NEVER GOOD.

Come on me what will come
The doing evil to avoid evil
Cannot be good—Schiller.

A GLIMPSE OF A BRAVE AND HELPFUL LIFE.

Some of the Things in the Life of Charles Edwin Chase Which His Letters and Writings Disclose.

In a recent number of The Pacific there was brief appreciative mention of the Rev. Charles Edwin Chase who has passed into the other life.

It has seemed to the writer of this article that some pages out of his busy and useful life might serve a good purpose. Wherever he went people felt his quickening touch in all things fine and true and worth while. He helped definitely those already in the Christian life, and through his preaching many turned to God.

Often his work was peculiarly difficult and straitened, because through long years there stretched across his life the shadow of the painful and incurable illness of his first wife, Colyn Hyland Chase; yet his soul was not daunted. When in his Portland pastorate, about ten years ago, illness laid hold of him and finally separated him from the work he loved, his faith did not grow dim. Never was there doubt of the Eternal Love.

Mr. Chase could extract joy and interest from the commonest day. Not only big events of the world stirred him, but little homely spontaneous kindnesses of one person to another; joy in some rough man's shame-faced bit of mercy, or in a workman's faithful handling of his task; in the beauty of dove-hued dawn in a city street, or in a "meek yellow sunset" upon the tules—all were woven into the happy woof of his nature, enriching him, and often, through him, many others.

While the call of the city was enchanting to him, it is possible (as has been written of him) that he loved better than all his other sucessful pastorates, his work in the high valleys, among the tall mountains of the Siskiyous. It is a fascinating story, much of it glimpsed in his own graphic letters—that story of the building of those little Gospel centers up among the dizzying peaks, in places where alone, in all California, the old original '49ers were many of them still at work; where the mule bells tinkled all day long on the steep trails, packing up things that never could go up any other way—nor can they now.

Early in his work he wrote: "From a little way above Callahan's, on to the top of the ridge, for some miles, is a row of cabins, in each one of which lives an old man, alone. Today, as they emerged, to carry George down the trail"—It was a funeral occasion and he had been sent for, "to plant George"—"it seemed to me like a past period come to life again. All miners, all working by past methods, all old. Here they have lived since '49, picking and rocking and growing old together. The same cry that often wrenches my heart till the ache of it will not leave me for days, came now, as I took a hand to bring George down—What can I do for them? What can I do for them?

"I wish I had a horse and buggy of my own, so I could go farther and see the people who live so far in the mountains that they cannot come to church. There are many such. One woman who has moved into the village and attends church now, says that till this fall she had heard no preaching for forty years, and that means since she was a child too small to understand or remember much. So what she hears now is new. Think of that, can you? The story of Jesus a new story, in California! Well, there are scores about here, in the mountains, to whom the story of Christ is new. * * *

"The King Solomon mine is opening up and a great crowd of men will be there this spring. But I assure you that it is no easy thing to reach miners who work in a paying or promising lead. The work absorbs all their interest, and the mining enthusiasm affects women and children almost as much. I was with a group of miners gathered about the big stove in Callahan's store. They had come out to sell dust and get supplies. They had a two-ounce vaseline bottle full of gold dust and a nugget about the size of a thimble. They came in on snow-shoes, the customary way. I was invited to have a hand in 'the game that Welch brought out from Solomon.' That is a new card game introduced in Callahan by Welch, a gambler from the King Solomon mine. Afterward the invitation was withdrawn with suitable apologies, and the players came to church in full force, as conclusive proof that no disrespect to the parson was meant.

"There was almost a fight in Callahan the other day between two men who were exploiting their piety. One declared that he had done most for the community because he it was who 'got up the subscription that fenced the graveyard.' The other 'had gone 'round with the paper to help them God-forsaken Pittses.' The general sentiment seemed to be that it was worth more to feed the living than to fence the dead, but after a few drinks everybody's temper was so roused that the barkeeper had to clear the place."

The pastor adds, "But we are not all roughs at Callahan's. We have some very fine people here." And of his preaching there he says, once, later on, "I was a few minutes late and found the church full. I went right at the work in hand, had freedom in speaking and a responsive audience. The theme was a moving one to me, based on Isaiah, thirty-fifth chapter. I was greatly interested, and so were the people."

It was here that the saloon bar was curtained off on Christmas eve to make room for the children and the Tree. The Tree, a great glorious redolent creature, divine and wonderful, filled all one end, with his dewy branches glittering with candles and his top glowing with the Bethlehem star. The miners were waiting outside in state when the pastor arrived, and they greeted him in a brotherly way in half-whispers, with well-brushed decorum. It was a most tremendous event. Inside "The Bar," the benches were packed with the children, their mothers and fathers and friends. How they sang "Joy Bells"! And some tears, mostly happy tears, fell, while the pastor spoke of the Love, the Joy, the Child!

When the Tree had his gifts distributed, a lot of real human nature was discovered in emulation in giving, between the miners from opposite sides of the Peak.

He had the "experiencing nature" in his dealings with the people and reminded one of Dickens in his love and tender sympathy with odd streaks in human character.

The devoted janitress of one of the three little churches for which he preached and ministered, was very deaf and very queer. She loved to move about the church a great deal during the service, busied with this or that, her footsteps sounding out with the decided spat, spat, of an industrious house-maid's wooden shoes. She was old, and the work was none too easy and she was not strong. When she became quite infirm, she was admonished to rest for a season. But she answered steadily and rather loudly, "Pastor, I have to do this work, or **I'll lose my religion!**"

She kept on with her work. "For," writes the pastor,

"Purpose is the Health of the Soul. Life must have an aim as to the whole of life and also a definite something to do as a center of interest. This must be related to the Kingdom of God and therefore include some good to humanity. When the Lord comes, it is in the homes of some of these mountain people that He will find faith in the earth."

It is said of him that nothing could equal the exquisiteness of his stories for children. He loved them and knew how to understand not only their joys but their griefs.

A little twisted crippled child who was not selected to "speak a piece on the last day," flew upon a more favored one with the fierce cry, "Lizzie H—'s mother doesn't want her to play with you! Not ever any more! She wants her to play with me—me—me!" It was a pure lie—impromptu, savage! The pastor's heart melted with pity. Wonderful was the comfort he brought to the little hurt soul all awry.

He had the blessed Stevensonian gift to quip merrily, even in his hours of gripping pain. Never a letter to a child without its lilting, jingling rhymes, or funny pen sketches from life, generally of his own adventures, scrawled all over the page margins.

And indeed there was seldom a letter from him without its riot of descriptive color, striving to set before one the wonderful things he saw in the glorious mountains, even in their severities, when they shone like brass, with carvings like the Cherubim, in winter snows, or turning all dark and leaden, stood "booted and buckled for the coming storm."

Even in this hard field, so difficult that the church had been hard put to it to find a man worthy, his joy in life seemed so spontaneous, so indomitable, that he almost reproached himself because it would not down!—here where he rode thirty miles every Sunday, often through deep snows or bitter cold, and upon steep and narrow grades where a miscalculationwould send one down through sheer blue air to where the tall trees looked from above like Swiss toys, and where early one morning he found his own track of the night before, abruptly turned from the edge of the precipice just as a voice—was it an angel's?—had seemed to say clearly in his ear, **"Turn to the left."**

Not disheartened even here, when the high valleys were shut in for weeks from the outside world, the trails locked in the great snows and everyday supplies so reduced that it was "necessary to use their store of tiny Christmas candles to get about the house with!"

Anxieties that would have crushed him if he had yielded to them; separations that were hard; bodily weariness from his work, and times of illness; times, too, when he doubted if his spiritual and mental attainments were enough —all these assailed him. But what mattered these things, when the men and women of the hills were turning to God?

It was a serious trial for him when the exigencies of his life at last plainly required that he enter a different and easier field. But he said, "It is not where we are, but what we do, that matters, after all. No doubt I shall love the new field."

He believed in all the old elemental truths of the Gospel, but was never fettered by mere ecclesiastical tradition. "Sin," he said, "is infidelity to Love. Salvation is to forsake the sin and accept the proffered forgiveness." Neither would he have too much of the scientific spiritual laboratory. When analysis seizes faith, the joy of religion disappears," he declared. It must have been with this thought that he wrote,

"A sweet harp poured into my soul
A flood of happy things,
Till Science cried, 'O harp, be mute,
For I must count your strings!' "

His courtesy amounted almost to inspiration. He never pushed the subject of religion upon unwilling ears, never sought to drive men in droves into the Kingdom. Yet it often happened, beside the way, in the railway car, or the hotel lounging-room, for instance, that when he opened a conversation there was soon attracted a group of listeners, asking questions, exchanging ideas, if the subject happened to fall upon "those things which are most surely believed among us." He knew well that the man in the street may not be exactly upon the mourner's bench but he is, deep in his heart, consciously interested in the eternal verities.

For weeks he visited one known as a "bitter infidel," who was very ill, and in all those days he said nothing directly of the Gospel message, just making the time of his coming something to be longed for; loving, appreciative, vivifying, full of the spirit of Christ, yet rich with all the tingling news of the live world, till at last the doubter said one day, of his own accord, "I think I would like to have you pray with me."

With him the great enterprise of missions was a passion. He counted as precious jewels all those who had become interested and had gone to the front out from his own individual church; now it was a splendid missionary in Micronesia or Korea, now a gifted and devoted young Japanese, educated at Ann Arbor and Moody's Institute, on his way home to the work in Japan, and rejoicing greatly the hearts of people and pastor with his declaration, "I am filled with gladness today because Jesus found me and I found Him, here in this little church."

Even in his last days he was still hoping for the time when he might again actively enter the grand Kultur-Kampf of the Kingdom.

In his enforced leisure he found much pleasant occupation in poetic expression. His tenderly sympathetic "Lines for a Sick Room on the Sabbath Day" brought many grateful acknowledgements, voicing, as it did, the heart's lonely longing for the Presence; so, also, "The Will to Pray," now set to noble music by Mrs. Carrie Stone Freeman. In "Life," he wrote of those "long lonely marches of the soul," in lines so full of sturdy cheer that a great business man has framed and hung them above his desk for his own heartening and encouragement. No one who has read them can forget the haunting verses of "Unendlichkeit":

Time did not give me joy,
Nor can take joy away.
Grief floods the world with tears,
Indeed! But joy must stay.

Time did not give me faith,
Nor can take faith away.
Doubt sows the night with fears,
Indeed! But faith shall stay.

Time did not give me love,
Nor can take love away.
Fate cuts with cruel shears,
Indeed! But love shall stay.

Time did not give me life,

Nor can take life away.
Farmer Death's harvest nears,
Indeed! But life shall stay.

What Time did not give me,
Time cannot take away!
My shadow disappears,
Indeed! But I shall stay.

Once at the hour for church service, when illness kept him away, he wrote the following entitled "A Sick Room Thought":

Not to Thy temple gate, O Lord,
Bring I my weary feet.
Alone I wait for Thee; yet, Lord,
The waiting here is sweet.

Save with my heart's glad going
I cannot go to Thee,
Yet happy I in knowing
That Thou wilt come to me.

My love to Thee, O Jesus,
Yes, all, I freely give;
Redeemer Friend and Saviour,
For Thee alone I live.

Marked in his well-worn Bible—faithful transcript of his soul—there shines the text, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

And so, near him his three sons, grown to manhood, and beside him that gifted one whose devotion shed tenderest light and peace upon him in those closing hours, he went out of this life into the larger life of blessedness and beauty.

L. C. B.

HONOR SEAMLESS.

Keep thy path from half-ness free;
Whoso is whole, whole deeds plies he;
Genuine honor must seamless be.
—Ernest Ziel.

Patience is always more potent than petulance.

Longfellow had the simplicity of manners which belongs to strong, true natures, and a tact and sympathy that prompted him to meet all persons on their own ground of interest and experience. Of all people I ever knew he was the most charitable in speech.—John T. Trowbridge.

Give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving one to another—Robert Louis Steevenson.

A good fight is never for its day alone,—it is for many days; and it is not alone for him who bears its utmost stress. No man can live his own life bravely and quietly and not be an energy of social good, virtue proceeding forth from him to heal some brother's wounded heart.—John Chadwick.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Rafael.—Four persons united with this church last Sunday.

La Jolla.—Fourteen persons were received into membership Easter Sunday, six uniting on confession of faith.

Oakland, Fourth.—Thirty-two persons united with this church on Easter Sunday, 15 on confession. Many of them were young men.

San Jacinto.—There has been a large attendance at the evangelistic services conducted by Evangelist Bogue in the Congregational church.

Oakland, First.—One hundred and five persons were welcomed into fellowship on Easter Sunday, 38 coming on confession of faith. The present membership is 1713.

Grass Valley.—A reception was given the Rev. and Mrs. R. W. Rogers at the Congregational Church the evening of the 17th anniversary of their wedding. Several beautiful gifts were presented them.

Oakland, Plymouth.—Forty-one persons were welcomed into the fellowship of Plymouth Church on Easter Sunday, 20 on confession. A special Easter offering was taken which amounted to $1120.

Berkeley, First.—Fourteen persons were welcomed into fellowship on Easter Sunday, 12 coming on confession. Next Sunday Dr. Brooks will exchange with the Rev. Leslie B. Briggs of Santa Cruz.

Oakland, Boulevard.—The church building was dedicated last Sunday afternoon. The sermon was given by Dr. R. R. Brooks; the dedicatory prayer by Dr. L. D. Rathbone. In the morning 21 persons united with the church.

Woodland.—The "Holy Week" services here have been most remarkable. Our church has been crowded with eager listeners, to addresses given nightly by the six different ministers of our town. No "revival service" could show a greater measure of devotion, large numbers of men, and many young people, being present; Baptist, Christian, Episcopalian, Methodist and Congregational ministers and people joining in song, sermon and prayer.

Los Angeles, Armenian.—Easter Sunday was a glorious day for the Armenian Gethsemane Congregational Church. Four hundred to five hundred Armenians attended the service. Rev. Aram S. Yeretzian, pastor, preached a very deep and inspiring sermon, having as his subject "The Eternal Christ, the Hope of Glory." Three new members were received in the church membership, and six were baptized. The sermon, the Armenian songs, and the ceremonies impressed the congregation very much.

San Mateo, Edmund Owens, pastor.—Twelve persons were received into membership on Easter Sunday, four by transfer and eight by confirmation. Rev. C. H. Stevens of Redwood gave an interesting lecture on the Holy Land, Wednesday evening of Holy Week. Mrs. Stevens also sang

very effectively. The street improvement debt has been reduced in six months from $1137 to $350. We hope ere the year closes to pay the balance. The Sunday school reached its high water mark in attendance on Easter Sunday, there being 113 present.

Campbell.—This has been a great week for our church. The pre-Easter meetings arranged by the pastor were the best yet. The attendance was good, averaging 65, even though two nights it poured hard. Monday the pastor gave "His Last Week, as told by the Great Artists." Tuesday Geo. P. Cowles spoke on "His City, or Jerusalem as I Saw It"; Wednesday, Secretary Geo. W. Hinman on "His Love"; Thursday, Secretary M. B. Fisher on "His Inner Circle"; Friday evening Superintendent L. D. Rathbone spoke on "His Last Words." These meetings with their deepening impression and lesson led us naturally up to Easter with its great message. Fourteen joined the church on Easter, five by letter, nine on confession of their faith. Included in the latter list was our leading real estate dealer and his wife, three of our high school students, two of these being Seniors. The service was peculiarly impressive with the combination of Easter, the beautiful decorations, the special music, the large class joining, and the Sacrament. The Searchlight Class presented the Church with a set of beautiful hand-turned collection plates which were used for the first time.

Pacific Grove, Mayflower.—It has been an interesting springtime for this church and its pastor. The latter part of February Mr. Palmer was off on the voyage of "The Great Northern" to the Hawaiian Islands, the trip being a gift to him from one of his trustees, Mr. Bunker, who also took the voyage. Mr. Palmer preached once on the high seas while on the trip. During March twenty ornamental trees and vines have been set out on the Church grounds, the church owning the whole block. They will add greatly to the beauty of the property as the years go by. One of these trees is a costly Cedar of Lebanon, from Lebanon, the gift of Mrs. A. L. Chase. The church has joined with the other churches of the town in the union meetings throughout the nights of Passion Week. On Easter Sunday three new members were received, two of them on confession, and one little babe received the baptismal consecration. The new plan of including the apportioned benevolences in the one budget and paying them from the regular treasury works well; the first quarter's dues being all in hand and paid at the close of March. Also the repayment of the annual installment of $250 to the C. C. B. S. was provided for and done through the one weekly envelope offering. These were results of the Every Member Canvass conducted successfully in December. The Christian Endeavor Society is stronger and more active than it has been before for years.

Pasadena, First.—This church is preparing to unite with twenty-two other churches of Pasadena in a month's series of revival services under the leadership of Messrs. Brown and Curry, beginning April 11th. A tabernacle with a seating capacity of 5,000 was put up in eight days, most of the labor being donated by men from the various churches and from the Carpenters' Union. The women of different churches took their turns serving lunches to the workmen. Cottage prayer-meetings are being held twice a week in all sections of the city, and at our First Church. The pastor, Dr. D. F. Fox, has gathered the people together at the close of the Sunday evening service for a brief season of "family prayer." During the week preceding Easter a special class was held for boys and girls of the Sunday School by the pastor and Mrs. H. H. Dutton, Superintendent of the Junior Department of the Sunday School. Ten of these young people united with the church by confession on Easter morning, and in addition 12 by letter, making a total of 22. On Thursday night before Easter a most uplifting service was held, when Mrs. Newell Matson Hayden read from the impressive drama, "The Terrible Meek." Appropriate music completed the program, which was followed by the communion service. On Friday evening a fellowship meeting was held at First Church, the four Congregational churches of the city uniting. Dr. Fox spoke on "The Prayerfulness of Jesus"; Dr. George Morrison of North Church, henceforth to be known as Pilgrim, on "The Fearlessness of Jesus"; Rev. J. H. Lash of Lake Avenue, on "The Friendliness of Jesus," and Rev. L. Potter Hitchcock of the Church of the Neighborhood, on "The Joyousness of Jesus."

Pomona.—An exceedingly helpful series of four special services was held by Pilgrim Congregational Church on the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of Holy Week. A different speaker was heard each evening. On Tuesday Rev. Andrew W. Archibald, D. D., former pastor of one of the larger churches of Brockton, Mass., who has been spending the winter in Pasadena, gave a strong evangelistic address suggested by the Master's words, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." Wednesday evening Dr. Geo. F. Kenngott, Superintendent of Congregational Church Extension work in Los Angeles, urged a closer following of the Master in service for others, basing his thoughts upon the familiar words in the Master's prayer, "For their sakes I sanctify myself." On Thursday evening Rev. Ralph B. Larkin, Conference Missionary Superintendent, made a strong appeal for a deepening of the spiritual life by which to meet the questioning of the day concerning Christianity. Friday evening General Secretary D. E. Luther and Night Secretary Ed. Creager, of the Los Angeles Y. M. C. A., spoke feelingly to the men and boys in the audience, urging upon them the claims of the Christian life. The attendance at this Friday night service was augmented by the presence of the Boy's Brigade of Pilgrim Church, who sat in a body, fifty strong. A feature of special inspiration and helpfulness was the solo singing of Mr. Langton A. Madden, of Los Angeles, a man who twenty-two months ago was rescued from a life of debauchery and shame through hearing the strains of a gospel hymn that floated out into the street from the Christian Endeavor Rescue Mission in Los Angeles. Mr. Madden was also present at each of the four Holy Week services, and touched the hearts of all his hearers by his soulful singing of simple, tender heart-hymns.

EASTER SERVICE ATTENDANCE.

Many of our churches about San Francisco bay had large attendance at both the morning and evening services last Sunday.

Two thousand persons were crowded into the auditorium of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco in the morning and it is estimated that nearly 500 were turned away. In the evening the auditorium was filled.

At the First Congregational Church of Oakland in the morning about 1700 were accommodated and several hundred were turned away.

The attendance at Plymouth in the morning was about 1300.

In the First Church of Berkeley, 779 were in attendance in the morning.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

This has been an ideal Easter day. Since the past week was more or less showery—a great blessing, too, by the way, benefiting early crops creatly, as March was an unusually dry month—many feared that showers today would interfere with Easter services. Not so. All the churches of the city were crowded at both services. During the past week many of the churches of the city of the same denomination held Lenten services in groups, alternating for four successive days.

The First Congregational Church received twenty-six new members this morning, nineteen on confession of faith and seven by letter. In addition there were several infant baptisms. The Sunday School was largely attended, and the entire session was given up to songs and recitations appropriate to the occasion. Dr. Dyott's sermon topic was "The Present Tense Value of Eternal Life." The day closed with an Easter Praise service.

The Sunnyside Church, Rev. John J. Staub, D.D., pastor, had thirty additions—eighteen by letter and twelve on confession of faith. There were twelve adult and four infant baptisms. In the evening the sacred cantata, "From Death to Life," by J. C. Bartlett, was rendered.

Four well known residents of Seattle lost their lives last Tuesday when an automobile driven by a Japanese chauffeur crashed through a flimsy railing on a bridge over the Duwamish river near Allentown, a few miles north of Seattle. The car was owned by Mrs. Morgan L. Carkeek, President of the Seattle Historical Society. She had invited Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Prosch, Mrs. Harriet Foster Beecher, wife of Captain H. F. Beecher (a son of the noted Henry Ward Beecher) and Miss Margaret Lenora Benny—all members of the Seattle Historical Society—to visit the Washington State Historical Society at Tacoma, and the accident occurred upon the return trip. Just before coming to the bridge there is a sharp turn in the road, and the chauffeur, seeing some children in his path, veered the car sharply to miss them but not far enough to avoid the edge of the road, and the car plunged down thirty feet, landing in ten feet of water. Mrs. Carkeek and the driver were thrown out and saved themselves; but the others were imprisoned by the top and curtains. Only two children were present when the accident occurred, and they ran to Allentown for assistance; but thirty minutes passed before any relief could be secured, and then the three ladies were dead. Mr. Prosch was alive when taken from the water, but died soon afterwards, notwithstanding a pulmotor was used for the purpose of restoring him.

I was not acquainted with Mrs. Beecher, but the other three persons were warm personal friends of mine for more than fifty years; and hence it is not necessary to say that their tragic loss affects me very deeply. Mr. and Mrs. Prosch were communicants of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Seattle, and none were more devoted in their service for the common good.

Miss Denny's father and my own were personal acquaintances and friends in Illinois as early as 1849, three years before either family came to Oregon. She was a member of Plymouth Congregational Church, Seattle. Rev. W. H. G. Temple, a former pastor, officiated at the funeral at the Denny home, assisted by the present pastor, Rev. Hugh G. Ross. Miss Denny was a very benevolent woman, but without ostentation. The world will never know the great extent of her labors for charitable purposes.

Miss Denny was born at Abington, Ill., August 14, 1847. She was the daughter of Arthur and Mary A. Denny, and crossed the plains with them, leaving Illinois April 10, 1851, and arriving at Portland August 23d of the same year. A little later the party embarked on the schooner Exact and arrived at Alki Point (now West Seattle) on November 13, 1851. The Denny family have lived in Seattle from that to the present time excepting the four years from 1861 to 1865 when Mr. Denny, a warm personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, was appointed as register of the United States Land Office at Olympia, and the two years he served as delegate to Congress from Washington Territory—1865-1867. Just as her father up to the day of his death in 1899 took a deep personal interest in everything relating to the upbuilding of his home city, so was the daughter keenly alive to everything that tended to improve conditions for the public at large. She is survived by four brothers and one sister—all residents of Seattle.

It is a strange and peculiar coincidence that Miss Denny, the daughter of one of the founders of Seattle, and Mrs. Virginia McCarver Prosch, born at Oregon City, April 17, 1851, daughter of Morton M. McCarver, the founder of Tacoma should have lost their lives in the same disaster.

Portland, April 4, 1915.

The Home.

What matter if thou hold thy loved ones prest
Still with close arms upon thy yearning breast,
Or with purged eyes behold them hand in hand
Come in a vision from that lovely land,—
Or only with great heart and spirit sure
Deserve them and await and endure;
Knowing well, no shocks that fall, no years that flee,
Can sunder God from these or God from thee;
Nowise so far thy love from theirs can roam
As past the mansions of His endless home.

—F. W. H. Myers.

CIRCUMVENTING HER GRANDDAUGHTERS.

"Grandmother, it's a perfectly gorgeous idea!" cried Ruth with conviction. "I didn't know this was the year to celebrate your fiftieth wedding anniversary."

"We haven't said much about it, nor made many plans," said Mrs. Atherton, modestly. "In a large family so many things are happening all the time; so all along your grandfather and I have said that we wouldn't count on it very much until the last minute. It doesn't take so long to get up a big dinner now as it did when we were married. I remember my mother had to send clear to Cincinnati for raisins for our wedding cake."

"No, it's quite easy to get up a dinner now," agreed Bess. "Just give your order to a caterer and he'll see to the details."

"I—I had thought of getting up the dinner ourselves," confessed Mrs. Atherton, falteringly. "I thought I'd ask the girls to come down and lend a hand and made it a nice, homey affair."

That is a lovely idea, grandmother," Helen admitted, "but it is so much easier the other way. Mamma knows nothing about baking cakes, except the old-fashioned kinds, and on an occasion like this you want everything up-to-date."

"And it saves so much trouble to have the caterer," put in Eleanor. "He plans every detail and brings enough waiters with him to serve the meal properly."

"Grandfather and I thought it would be nice to have you children wait on the table," said Mrs. Atherton.

"But Jack would spill soup down somebody's back, and Helen would burn her fingers and dance about, most likely, if you let us do the serving," explained Bess. "How many do you intend to have, grandmother?"

"We thought it would run to somewhere near 150. There are six of the original wedding guests living, and they, with their families and the relatives and our intimate frends, will make about that number. We can put tables on the screened porch and in the dining room and parlor—and in every room downtsairs, and easily take care of everybody."

"Yes, the caterer will solve all that," said Ruth. "He is used to putting his tables down anywhere. I'll write to several this very day and get their estimates on the cost. You will want a four or five course dinner, won't you, grandmother?"

Grandmother cast an appealing glance in Betty's direction, but that young lady was counting stitches in her work, and did not look up. Betty was too easy-going for her own good, the relatives all said, so grandmother appealed in vain. She drew a long breath and made a new start.

"We want a dinner as nearly like the one we had the day we were married as possible," she said, with emphasis. "We had fried chicken and mashed potato and gravy and boiled ham and floating island and pound cake and sliced peaches and slaw and—well, I have it all written out on a piece of paper in the Bible. Mother would have me write it all out and put in pieces of my wedding clothes, and I'm glad now she did, for I have something to go by."

Bess gave Helen a significant look. "Imagine Layton struggling with a menu like that!" she whispered in an aside.

"When I canned and pickled all this summer, I had the dinner in mind," went on Mrs. Atherton, proudly. "I have a corner in the fruit closet set apart for that purpose. I had almost forgotten how to make pickled walnuts, but at last I mastered them. We had pickled walnuts and seven other kinds of pickles at our wedding."

"While I'm writing to the caterers I'll ask several florists what their estimates will be on decorating the house for the great occasion," said crafty Ruth. "You will want the color scheme white and gold, I suppose?"

"Yes, that is what we had thought of: You girls asked the other day why we had so many camphor plants in the garden—I never can think of that new-fangled word 'chrysanthemum'—and your grandfather turned it off very neatly. I had a big bunch of white camphor flowers for my wedding bouquet, and I have the very ribbon they were tied with. It has yellowed with age, so that it will match the yellow flowers now. I'm going to get Molly to make a lace front to my wedding gown so it will be big enough, and if I can manage to squeeze into my old slippers I'll wear them, too. I've had such a struggle to keep the moths out of your grandfather's suit, but my dress, being wash goods, has been safe all these fifty years. Dearie me! Fifty years! That's a long time, girls."

"O grandmother," cried the girls with one voice, "you must have a beautiful new dress. A pretty lavender or white or gray silk will be so much prettier than the old dress."

"You can show the guests the old dress, grandmother," said Pauline, gently. "If mamma should make it over it would not be exactly the same. If you expect Judge Spencer and his fashionable wife and Mrs. Myers and the Frisbies, you want to be elegant. We can't have you going about in that little, skimpy wash frock!"

"Besides," put in Marcia, diplomatically, "it's likely to be cold September 30, and you might take cold. Last September was very cold and stormy."

At that moment Hannah came in for grandmother's opinion of the preserved pears she was making, and the old lady hurried to help her ancient handmaiden.

As they left the room Ruth remarked in a low tone, "We'll have to chloroform Hannah before the great day, I suppose. She baked the wedding cake when grandmother was married, and she'll expect to manufacture the cakes for the feast unless somebody heads her off. She was living with Great-grandmother Foster and was only fifteen, but she baked the cake for the feast. I've heard her tell it hundreds of times. Grandmother is easy enough to let her manage the whole thing if we don't take a hand. I do wonder what Layton will say when he sees that layout of homemade pickles!"

The ten granddaughters of the family were spending a few weeks at the old farm before they returned to college and work and home duties, and they considered their grandmother very fortunate indeed to have somebody to manage the coming great occasion. "We must not allow grandmother to tire herself out," they said at once. "Grandmother doesn't realize that she is beginning to fail and must not overwork. And, besides, she has no idea what an elaborate social function should be like. It's been years since she entertained a large company."

The eleventh granddaughter, who had lived with her widowed mother in the old farmhouse since she was 5, said very little; but her opinions were not asked. Betty was considered a dear little thing, mild-tempered and pliable, by the rest of the family; so it didn't make much difference what she said or thought. If she had differed from them they could have easily persuaded her to think with them, the cousins believed.

The all important letters were written and while waiting for the answers ten girls, without assistance from the eleventh, gave the farmhouse the most thorough cleaning and overhauling it had ever known. "Washington Crossing the Delaware" went to the attic faster than he had crossed the historic stream and was deposited in a dusty corner, with the martyred Lincoln and a glaring chromo of Niagara falls for company. The hair wreaths and wax flowers took the same journey, and the "tidies" that Mrs. Atherton had worked when a little girl were carefully hidden in a big box, along with the bead lambrequin in front of the parlor shelf. "We'll put them all back again, grandmother!" was their conciliatory promise, and with it she was forced to be satisfied. The cherished vases in which she had planned to put bouquets of asparagus and camphor flowers were banished, and the girls assured her

that the decorator would provide pretty and artistic baskets in their stead.

When the tearing out was complete, the girls hung new and up-to-date pictures, rented from the dealer at the county seat.

"They look queer with this furniture, of course," Ruth admitted, stepping back to get the effect, "but we're going to take the chairs and tables out on the 29th. We can't let everything go till the last minute on the day of the wedding anniversary."

"An invitation to spend a week at Fords' Camp!" cried Bess above the joyful tumult. "They want an answer at once."

"We can't go!" said three voices, decidedly. "A week will take it up to the 25th, and that's too late. Isn't it a pity?"

"Yes, we can go," corrected Helen, decidedly. "We can get everything done after we get home. The caterer won't be here till the 29th, and the decorator comes only a day earlier than that. Of course, we can go!"

So an acceptance was sent at once, and the girls were glad to pack the satchels. Fords' camp was only a comfortable shack on an island far down the river, but it was considered a great honor to be invited there. It was the first time the eleven had ever been asked to the unconventional house under the maple trees, so naturally they were eager to accept the invitation in spite of their worries about the golden wedding. Mrs. Ford had said that in view of the approaching festivities she had also invited the young men of the family for that week, so the twenty cousins could have a little reunion in advance of the celebration.

"Now, grandmother, don't you worry a bit! Not a bit!" admonished the girls as they climbed into the depot wagon the morning they left for the camp. "We have everything well in hand and we'll be back in plenty of time. We are to have our mail forwarded and we'll keep in touch with the florist and the caterer. Don't you worry."

"No, don't worry a bit!" said Betty, running back to kiss the old lady at the door. "Everything will come out all right, grandmother. I'm sure of that."

"No thanks to Betty if it does," said Helen, half grumblingly. "I never saw such a perfectly helpless girl in my life. Of course, she's lived in the country all her days and only knows country ways, but I should think she'd be able to pick up a few new ideas from the magazines and from her visits in town. She's hopelessly old-fashioned."

"I should say so!" agreed Marcia. "I really believe she thinks those old pictures and fancy work should have been left on the walls. Imagine Mrs. Spencer examining that hair wreath or the wax flowers! Grandmother can't realize that they are not the same country boy and girl she used to know in school. Isn't it delightful to get away from all the arguments and the friction? Hannah looks as if she would explode every minute. She gave me a nice, large piece of her mind yesterday, but I don't care. She is in her second childhood and doesn't know what she's about."

Everything was delightful in camp, but the day the young people were to go back to the farm the rowboat and Peter, the man of all work, were missing.

"Peter occasionally goes away to town for a day or two without consulting us," said Mr. Ford; "but hired help for the camp is so hard to get that we overlook his little failings. He'll surely be back tomorrow or the next day. Come back and take life easy."

And with that the girls were forced to be content. But when the next day came, and the next, and still no Peter, they grew fairly desperate. So many last things to do and so little time to do them in. Besides, they felt that grandmother would never forgive them for running away and leaving the fashionable function on her unskilled hands. and the little island was so secluded and so few people went boating in that part of the country after the summer vacation was over that there was no chance to hail a boat to take them to the shore.

At last Peter leisurely returned, with the information that he had been struck with a "misery in his back" and couldn't row, and the provoked girls started in haste for home.

"Oh, you're back, are you?" was the greeting the party received when they reached home the morning of the 30th. "We thought you must be having a fine time. Yes, everything is getting along nicely. Run upstairs and change your clothes. Go the back way, so you don't let in any flies. We're keeping the house dark till the last minute."

When they reached the front lawn, the young men after dressing in the attic, the girls after a protracted hunt for their belongings, which had been banished to Hannah's room, they found grandfather and grandmother and their sons and daughters lined up under the maple trees, shaking hands with the first comers. Grandmother was arrayed in her yellow wedding gown, considerably pieced out with lace that did not exactly match, and carrying a funny, old-fashioned bouquet tied with yellow satin ribbon. They saw Judge Spencer stoop to kiss the bride with old-fashioned courtesy, and his fashionable wife, with diamonds flashing at her hands and throat, put her arms around the little figure in the old-fashioned gown and weep for joy. Elegant Mrs. Frisbie wiped grandmother's tears with her expensive lace handkerchief and patted her comfortably on the back, and everything was so delightfully informal and pleasing. The sunshine flecked the guests with gold, and the beautiful camphor flowers were everywhere in evidence.

"Let's go and look at the house!" whispered Helen.

"Let's not!" whispered back Marcia. "I can easily guess, can't you?"

"Dinner is ready!" announced Hannah, in the midst of the merriment. "All of you come to dinner. I want to see the girls in the kitchen right away."

The daughters and daughters-in-law scurried to the kitchen in response to Hannah's command, and presently the grandchildren were summoned by the same autocrat to the back porch to receive instructions. They found the "girls" putting big white aprons over their best dresses and meekly following Hannah's instructions. Like a commanding officer, Hannah stood calmly in the midst of the group, and presently the young folks found themselves carrying platters of fried chicken, mounds of mashed potato, heaps of pink ham, tureens of vegetables, bowls of gravy and cups of hot coffee to the guests. The caterer and his waiters were nowhere to be seen.

The tables were loaded with jams and jellies, pickles and preserves, pies and cakes, floating island and fruits and bouquets, cheese and cold meats, stewed prunes and dishes of apple sauce sprinkled with cinnamon, all crowded together in fearful and wonderful confusion.

Washington, still crossing the Delaware, beamed down on the assembled company from his accustomed place, and Niagara falls glared as of yore from the most conspicuous place in the parlor. Not a "tidy" was missing, and the hair wreath and wax flowers had had their cases brightly polished for the occasion. Judge Spencer wiped his glasses several times when Mrs. Atherton reminded him that his

mother had made the wax flowers, and Mrs. Frisbie was interested to know that several of her ancestors were represented in the wreath.

"Everything was perfect, mother, wasn't it?" said grandfather as the last guest departed.

Grandmother stood with pink flush on her cheeks, holding tight to the bouquet and waving good-by to her dear friends.

"Everything was perfect," she sighed. "Betty, where are you? I have you and Mrs. Ford to thank for this good time. If you hadn't worked up that nice little scheme of holding the girls away until we could carry out all our plans, I don't know what would have happened. Who would have thought that our quiet little Betty could head off all the clever girls like this?"

Betty ran to hide her head in the old-fashioned wedding gown, but the other granddaughters quickly recovered their self-possession.

"Is that how it happened?" they asked. "Well, it's all right, and your way was the best, grandmother. The next time you want to celebrate we won't mix up in your plans at all; but we really meant it kindly—honestly."

"Of course you did," said the old lady, opening her arms to gather them all in "Of course you meant it kindly. But, you see, I couldn't bear to have it fashionable—it would have spoiled it. As it is, it has been perfect. May your golden wedding be as happy. Here's good luck to the first bride of you!" And grandmother laughed like a girl as she tossed her bouquet of old-fashioned bridal posies into the group of bright-faced grandchildren.—Hilda Richmond.

For The Children.

RED HEAD."

"Red head, gingerbread, five cents a cabbage head. Hurry up, Red, or you'll be late."

The words came from Roger Lee, a laughing, jolly-faced boy, as he bounded up the schoolhouse steps, and, spoken tauntingly, as they were, they went far deeper than they would have otherwise done.

Johnny Black, Better known as "Red," clenched his fists and set his teeth, as he came into the yard and started toward the door. But it was too late to catch Roger, for the bell had just rung and most of the pupils were already in their seats.

"I'll get his at recess," he muttered to himself as he dropped into his seat, and pretended to look in his desk for something, in order to hide his flushed face from the teacher.

He stole a glance at Roger. Roger was looking at him with a teasing grin that made him more angry than ever. He and Roger had never been as good friends as schoolmates ought to be.

"He's bigger'n I am, but I thrashed him once, and I'll do it again. I'll teach him to call me names."

While Johnny was meditating vengeance and getting angrier every minute, there was a rap at the door, and Farmer Jones entered. In a moment the whole schoolroom began to buzz with excitement. Farmer Jones had never been known to come near the school except when he had a complaint to register against some of the pupils. He had been there two or three times that season, and each time his complaint had been proved, and he had demanded immediate punishment, which accordingly had been administered.

"I'd like to see you a minute privately, sir," he said to the teacher. "Like to speak to Roger Lee at the same time," he added, frowning darkly at Roger, who arose, considerably frightened, from his seat.

Johnny was in high glee. "Now I'll see Roger catch it. Serves him right. Maybe he will not be in such a hurry to call names hereafter. Wonder what he's done. Good enough for him, whatever it is. Hopes he gets thrashed."

"Children," said the teacher, "Mr. Jones says he believes Roger killed one of the doves yesterday with a stone, though Roger denies it flatly. Do any of you know anything about it?"

Johnny started. "Killed one of Mr. Jones' doves? That was the charge, was it?" he said to himself. "Well, maybe he did, but I saw a hawk get one of his white ones yesterday. Maybe he thinks Roger killed it. He's always laying things on us boys. But I guess I'll not say anything. Let him get thrashed. He needs it, whether he killed the dove or not. Good enough for him, I say."

While these thoughts were passing through Johnny's mind, the teacher was waiting.

"I hope," he said, finally, "if any of you do know anything, you will speak, but speak truthfully, boys, and justly. Mr. Jones says he saw Roger throwing stones at some birds, and he is certain his dove was killed in that way."

"Justly!" Johnny had a keen sense of justice when he took the trouble to think about a thing. He saw at once what was right in this case. But Roger was his enemy. Then he remembered the words his father had read at breakfast that morning: "Do unto others as you'd have others do to you," or something like that. Was he doing that?

In an instant he was on his feet, and was telling his story. When it was over, Farmer Jones apologized, and left.

At recess, as soon as the bell rang, Roger rushed over to Johnny. "Johnny," he exclaimed, "I'm sorry I hollered at you this morning. I'll not do it again if you'll forget it this time."

"That's all right," laughed Johnny in an embarrassed manner, and not knowing what else to say. "Call me Red as much as you please."

So the two boys had a new friend apiece, because of the fairness of one of them.—Baptist Boys and Girls.

IT HELPED HER.

"I count myself fortunate," says a Philadelphia minister, "in numbering among my parishioners several who invariably tell me the truth about myself."

"Of a certain worthy, but uneducated, woman of my flock I asked whether she liked best my written or unwritten sermons.

"She reflected a moment, and then replied: 'I like you best without the book, because you keep saying the same thing over and over, and that helps me to remember."—Harper's Magazine.

IT IS A SHARP CURVE.

She (on Pennsylvania train, near Altoona)—"Is my back hair all right?"

He—"I can't tell. Wait till we start around the horseshoe curve, and take a look at yourself."—Chicago Evening Post.

CHRIST'S SHELTERING LOVE!

Edgar L. Vincent.

Something touched the leaves of a number of beautiful trees in one of our eastern cities not long ago, so that they began to turn yellow, droop and die. Finally the trees themselves were killed by this mysterious thing. At first here and there, only, was a tree affected. Little attention was paid to the matter then.

When, however, more than fifty formerly healthy trees had sickened and died, serious concern was felt on the part of the people of the city, and a most searching investigation was instituted with a view to discovering the cause of this terrible fatality.

Then it was learned that the managers of the street railway system of the city had been making some changes in the method of conveying electricity along the very streets where the trees had suffered from the blight. But what could that have to do with the thing which had stricken the trees? How could it be that wires, insulated as they were, even if they did come in contact with the leaves and the branches, have any particular effect upon them?

Ah, it was so after all! Where the wires bearing the current of electricity touched the trees, they sickened and died.

Then the question rose, "How can we ward off the influence of this force, so mighty, though unseen?" One kind of an insulator after another was tried; and at last a certain way of protecting the wires was adopted. Then the blight stopped! The withering force lost its power! The trees were saved.

The unseen touch that withers! How can it be warded off?

There is a thing in this beautiful world of ours that blights everything good which it touches. We know what that thing is. The story is so old! Its power reaches so far—to the very ends of the earth! No life so lovely, no character so pure, no soul so white that it will not sicken and be blasted if it comes unprotected under the touch of this blighting, withering force.

How shall sin be warded off? Oh, tell it everywhere! Ring it out with joy! There is a power to save and to keep! The love of God shown in the sheltering love of Jesus Christ!

Saved! Kept! Redeemed by the love of God in Jesus Christ!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Mrs. Edward Field, the former Mrs. Isobel Osborne Strong, sold a remarkable collection of the personal belongings of Robert Louis Stevenson, an inheritance from her mother, the late Mrs. Stevenson, who died a few months ago in Santa Barbara.

The collection, including valuable works of art, personal letters, notebooks and manuscripts were taken from Santa Barbara to New York and sold at auction on November 23.

Stevenson's portrait by Sargent, considered one of that master's greatest works, and one that has never been on exhibition, was in the collection, as was a statuette by Rodin which was presented to Stevenson by the sculptor. It is called "Le Printempts," and has never been copied. The famous St. Gaudens medallion of Stevenson, which is probably the best known of his pictures was sold, and the death mask of Keats, given to Stevenson by Sir Percy Shelly, was another valuable article in the collection.

Eastern Entrance to Court of Four Seasons, Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

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